Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde cursie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maister, are maskt vnder such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue assist me.

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most pretty & pathetical.

Boy. Yt she be made of white and red,
Her faultes will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faultes are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she doth owe
A dangerous rime maister against the reason of white & red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mightie president. Boy, I do loue, that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Costard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maister.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heauie in loue.

Boy. And thats great marualle, louing a light Wench.

Ar. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past.

Enter *Clowne*, *Constable*, and *Wench*.

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a' must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell I must keepe her at the Parke, she is alowde for the Day womand. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.